A Growing Boy

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by slashyrogue

Summary

Will Graham has a secret. He loves plants. Loves. He’s grown up around them all his life because he can hear their language for he’s part of them. He can grow vines from any part of his body and requires water and sun to thrive. He meets Professor Lecter and instantly sees the respect he has for plant life, making Will feel more at home than he has in years. But would Hannibal be disgusted with him if he knew the truth?

Chapter 1

Hannibal Lecter is a genius botanist who enjoys plants more than human beings. He spends most of his days with plants, studying and testing various plants at home and in his lab. When he gets his new student intern he's at first annoyed but soon he's his new assistant is as invested as he is in plant life.

Will Graham has a secret. He loves plants. Loves. He's grown up around them all his life because he can hear their language for he's part of them. He can grow vines from any part of his body and requires water and sun to thrive. He meets Professor Lecter and instantly sees the respect he has for plant life, making Will feel more at home than he has in years. But would Hannibal be disgusted with him if he knew the truth?

Hannibal ran his hands up Will's bare leg, making leaves sprout up every place he left. Will blushed and whispered, "Sir?"

He looked up at Will, his eyes wide as he asked, "Where else?"

Will swallowed, "Everywhere, if I wanted. My…my mother could do it too my father said, I…I don't know why?"

Hannibal leaned in closely and blew on a leaf, making Will fight back a moan.

"They're a part of you?"

Will nodded once, blushing.

"Can I see?"

Will thought for a moment before asking, "Where?"

Hannibal pressed his lips to Will's leg and said softly, "Everywhere."

Chapter 2

Will hates himself. Professor Lecter has decided to do some tests, touching various parts of his vines to see the reaction, telling him to sit still in his authoritative voice when Will can't seem to.

He knows the Professor just is interested in him because he's a freak, the novelty will wear off eventually and he'll turn him in for the notoriety but he goes home every day after work and jerks off to the memory of those hands on him the interested look in Hannibal's eyes when Will did something with his vines.

He came with tears in his eyes and "Dr. Lecter!" on his lips fearing it would show in his face tomorrow.

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Hannibal is obsessed. He spends hours during the day testing Will's reflexes, seeing what makes him react and what reaction the other plants have towards him. He stares, thinking about the vines under his clothes, imagining them against his skin.

He'd kissed Will's vines once and he did not seem to understand Hannibal's reasoning, thinking he was just interested in the science. He's interested in Will. All of Will.

He goes home every evening and runs his hands over his plants imagining Will, touching himself until he's coming so hard he can see stars.

But Will does not seem to be interested in that, in him. So he'll imagine and watch, keeping himself back from attacking the student he admires above all because he does not want to lose what little of Will he is allowed.

Chapter 3

The longer Will and he are close, Hannibal begins to notice the flowers. Small, tiny buds that appear on some of Will's vines as the weeks progress and he says nothing waiting for Will to explain their appearance but the young man does nothing of the sort.

He does not touch Will unless they're doing tests, careful not to let his infatuation show though the pinkness of Will's cheeks and his shy smile leave Hannibal aching for hours after they've parted.

When he began to notice the flower buds were multiplying he could not hold back his curiosity.

"Will, are you undergoing a new growth pattern?"

Will paused in the middle of a test he was conducting on a newly grown rhododendron, his blush more scarlet than pink. "I…I don't know. They just started showing up."

Hannibal frowned, reaching for one of his vines and feeling the shiver it causes even without his touch. "May I?"

Will inhaled and nodded, exhaling when Hannibal touched a bud which almost immediately burst open revealing a tiny pink rose. He smiled at Will. "It is a shame to hide your true nature even more so now that you've become even more beautiful."

Will's eyes widen and he whispered, "You think I'm beautiful?"

Hannibal felt his own traitorous blush and smiled down at the flower only to touch another bud and have the same thing happen once more.

"I think you're stunning, you must know that already."

Will shook his head, looking down as he stammered, "I don't, I'm not…"

Hannibal reached out and touched his cheek, making Will meet his gaze as he whispered, "You are the most beautiful creature I have ever before seen."

When they kissed he could feel Will trembling in his arms turn into a full body shudder, flowers bursting forth in the air as he pulled Will to him, eager to touch every inch he'd been denied.

Will was moaning, tearing at his clothes and he licked a path down his throat feeling the vines that burst forth there shaking under his tongue.

"Oh Will," he sighed, pulling away to smile at him, "May I?"

Will's skin was damp, growing damper as he touched him and when he peeled down his pants and saw his cock Hannibal smiled widely. "Has anyone ever seen you this way before,

Will? Naked and wanting?"

Will shook his head, pawing at him for more as he confessed, "I didn't, I couldn't, I didn't want anyone to know how much of a…freak I am."

Hannibal growled out, "You are NOT a freak of any sort, darling, you are magnificent," pushing him down onto the counter in front of them and taking his flushed cock between his lips.

Will arched off the table, mumbling incoherent noises that gave Hannibal more reason to continue tasting the strange leafy taste of Will under his tongue and eager for more.

When he reached his climax and he tasted Will's passion he sucks harder desperate to swallow as much of him as he possibly could.

He licked him completely as he felt Will relaxing, feeling Will's hands in his hair as he continued to taste.

"Professor Lecter," Will sighed, making Hannibal look up at him with a smile licking his lips as he said, "I believe you should start calling me by my given name now that we are better acquainted don't you?"

Will smiled, blushing as he nodded. "Yes, Hannibal."

Hannibal reached for one of Will's fallen roses, taking it to his nose to smell the scent of Will's spent passions. "They smell of love, darling."

Will's eyes filled with tears as he whispered, "I…"

Hannibal kissed him again, softly and tenderly as he confessed, "I have deep feelings for you as well, Will. They are fast approaching at love."

Will smiled, biting his bottom lip as Hannibal's lips hovered over his throat once more. "Hannibal please," he begged, and Hannibal whispered, "Shall we see where else we can make flowers bloom?"

The spent the rest of the day doing just that.

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